

POETRY.

The Eagle's Address to England.

BY J. B. DOW.

Mother, how small you are!
Your island is but a ^{tiny} _{island},
A kind of good old easy chair
Where the grumbling goes, it may rest.
Your cliffs by the ocean stand,
And your bailements free the sky!
But know you not of that western land
Where the free hearts never die?
Come sit on my airy height,
And look at the hosa below,
Where the mountain smiles in the morning's light,
And the dark old rivers glow.
A way to the mighty west,
Where the hunter makes his bower,
Where the father of tempests takes his rest,
And the trembling lightnings cover.
Tell not of your ancient might,
Nor boast of your gallant dead,
A nation sits in its armor bright
And laughs at your battle-tread.
Your bones on a thousand fields
May bleach in the noon-day sun
And soldiers shake their blazoned shields
On the plains of Europe won.
I'll call to the crimsoned plains
Where the patriot soldier rests,
And the walls shall echo a thousand strains
And the hills put on their crests.
No Indian laurel blooms there,
O'er the graves of the pilgrim sires,
But the land shall furnish thy soldiers' tombs,
Or seats by your cottage fires.
In peace she will greet the kind—
In war, as her men of old—
But are your battle-tread the wind?
Remember you Island bold.
A day, and the land that dares
To shake a peaceful world,
May find that the western stripling bears
A flag that is never furled.
Then sleep, in thy doting sleep,
Nor strive to molest the free;
The base thou cast on the stormy deep
May hollow a grave for thee,
Then, mother, no longer form,
But sport with your titled things;
And drink your porter and stay at home
To nourish a brood of kings.
The days of the olden time
And the deeds of the Baron bold,
And the curlew's knell at even time,
Are memories to be told,
The dark old age has flown,
And the feudal towers decay,
And naught remains to support your throne
But a debt you ne'er can pay.

From the Vermont Spirit of the Age.

Dream On!

At—The "Carrier Dove."

Dream on! fond fool! dream on, to the last,
Dream on of her angel truth,
Nor believe that the vows from her lips that past.
Are as false as the pledges of youth.
Ay, kneel at her feet again, poor boy,
And hang on her idle words,
And think them as sweet, in thy rapturous joy,
As the warble of spring's first birds.

Dream on! fond fool! dream on, to the last,
Away from her fond embrace,
And Experience lays her hand on your heart,
And looks with a sneer, in your face,
Then awakes to tlio with your poor heart wrong
Like a tree in the winter skies,
And turns how completely a woman's tongue
Has pulled the wool over your eyes!

POPULAR TALES.

The Slanderer;

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF MRS. MEDDLEWORTH.

By Mary L. Gardner.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! what a world we live in. So much vice and depravity, and bid, too often, beneath the veil of piety and innocence! I declare, I know not what the world is coming to!" ejaculated Mrs. Meddleworth, as she sipped the fourth cup of tea, at the table of Miss Henly, where by her side were comfortably seated some dozen ladies of the neighborhood.

"You speak truly, ma'am, in saying so; for my part, I tremble for this wicked world, so full of iniquity," answered Miss Higgins, a lady near her, of an unmentionable age.

Each lady (with few exceptions) shrugged her shoulders upon hearing these grave remarks, and, heaving a deep sigh, drew her chair nearer her neighbors, if possible, and looked at the first speaker.

"What led me to speak of the world's wickedness now, is because my mind has been troubled ever since I heard the reports concerning Harriet Howe," she at length said.

"What—what are they—do tell, pray do—dear Mrs. Meddleworth," burst from the eager group.

"Ah! I knew she was no better than she should be, with all her airs; a vise creature, setting herself up to be better than her neighbors!" said the same Miss Higgins.

"Well, do tell," said one, "for my Julia, who goes to her school, loves her, I believe, as well as she does me."

"Yes, there's a proof of her art, in my mind: look out for your Julia, or Harriet Howe will make her as bad as herself," retorted Mrs. Meddleworth.

"But what have you heard? I long to hear, I'll expose her—that's what I will. People shall know that her sanctity is all nonsense, a mask to get in with the great."

"Oh! I did not hear any thing for fact,—so do not tell—from me,—but it is enough to convince me she never would never live alone there in that little cottage, if she was what she should be," commenced Mrs. Meddleworth.

"Now recollect, you never to mention this; for my informer said that Mr. Bean's wife's mother said, it was not to be told, excepting to me; and I have never mentioned the reports excepting at the party at Mrs. Lee's, last night, and every one said they would not tell of it; so you see nobody knows it;—and, indeed, I do hate to mention it, for I despise a slanderer,—and were it not every one's duty to shun such people as Miss Howe, I would never mention it, not I."

"Oh! you must tell us,—for, as you say, we ought to guard ourselves and families against sin;—were her only answer. One only of her little

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fol arts; and I am sure it will be safe with us," (drawled a superannuated dame in the rocking-chair.)

"Well—I'll tell you—one night, about a month since as Mr. Bean's wife's hired man was coming through the fields between the cottage and the stage road, he saw a young man walking towards the cottage, and turning every now and then to see if he was observed; and presently out came Miss Harriet, the vile creature, and what do you think she did?—why, as sure as I am alive, she sprang towards this strange man, and throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him again and again. Yes, she did: and Mr. Bean's wife's mother's hired man saw it all; he had stopped in the shade of the trees near, and the young man called her his "dear Harriet," and they went into the cottage, with his arm around her waist, and her head resting on his shoulder."

"Is it possible?" "Oh! she is worse than I thought for!" "What a dreadful world!" and sundry other like remarks, burst from the company, when Mrs. Meddleworth paused to take breath. All seemed horror-struck; no one doubted the truth of the story—for had not the speaker said "it was as true as that she was alive?"—and who would think of doubting the existence of a person, whose tongue wagged at the rate of ten knots an hour?

"Well, I have not finished my story," resumed the good-hearted Mrs. Meddleworth; "the next morning, nothing was to be seen of this man, but twice since he has been known to go there, at the same hour,—but mind you, nobody sees him there by daylight. There is proof for you—why does he not go there by day, and not be prowling about by night. I would no more send a scholar to her, than I would hang them."

"So I say," interrupted Miss Higgins, "she can live without, I'll warrant you: she only makes a pretence of teaching, to deceive us."

"And there is that fine harp: I always thought 'twas strange where she found that. Poor folks, if they are honest, never live by fingerling harps, and sorting bows, and idling about in the way she does," said the dame in the rocking-chair.

"But the worst is not told yet. You know what a fuss she made when her grandmother was buried, how she wept and mourned; but I know, for fact, that she was frolicking when the old lady died; she found her dead in her chair. There's goodness for you—I do not wonder she wept when she thought of her ingratitude."

"If all this is true, I shall not let my daughter go to her any more," said the mother of Julia, "for I fear she will hear some of her villainies—But who would have thought it, she seems so innocent and virtuous! but this is a sad world."

"And my daughters, Helen and Sarah, I will forbid their associating with her in future, or she will learn them to leave me in my old age," continued the lady who had until now remained silent.

"And I," said a Mrs. Carter present, who beside wealth had nothing of which to boast, being utterly a stranger to every think like refinement of feeling, "have employed that Miss Howe to do fancy work for me, and have paid her handsomely; but she will have no more—I shall be careful to employ some one more deserving. I always wondered why she took in sewing and kept her harp, and the other decorations of the parlor."

"La! I always knew there was some mystery about her, something wrong—I have heard her grandmother was in debt,—and I'll tell you another secret: Mrs. Jones' sister's little girl saw Miss Howe put a letter into the post office, and she peeped into it when the post-master's back was turned, and she saw in it 'lend,' and 'money,' debts,' &c. Do you not think 'tis strange?"

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"And my daughters, Helen and Sarah, I will forbid their associating with her in future, or she will learn them to leave me in my old age," continued the lady who had until now remained silent.

"Come, miss, you had better go,—my nerves are weak, and I cannot bear a scene"—interrupted the hard-hearted woman.

And she did go—she turned homewards with a soul wrung with the most bitter emotions. Oh!

what a trial was this to the sensitive, high-minded girl, to be thus scorned and insulted by those far inferior to her in all respects save fortune's gifts; to be treated as a vile thing whom all might scoff and deride,—when all her labors were of holy love, and her heart free from one thought of sin.

It was too much,—and for a time she sunk under the weight of her many woes; but the recollection of Him who searcheth all hearts, who is no regarder of persons, reassured her, and when she arose from humble prayer, the tempest was past, and she composed and tranquil, trusting in the buoyancy of youthful hope for coming good. What should she do? she now asked herself; she could not apply to any one else for employment, she could not expose herself to the ridicule, the abuse of the people of the village; then her mind pondered the words of Mrs. Carter, "sell your harp and your fine things;" but she could not, she had promised to retain these as mementos of the past, and till better days might come,—and she at last resolved to wait trustfully for the storm to pass.

Soon after, Mrs. Meddleworth met with one of the party in the street of the village.

"Well," she exclaimed, after the salutations of the morning were passed, "Harriet Howe has found by this time, I should think, that she cannot pass off with us. The pretended goodness is pierced, and we all know her character."

"But, after all," rejoined the other, "I cannot think that she is so bad, for I always did like that girl; she seems so good, and besides, she is so lonely."

"What makes her so lonely, do you think?"

school had remained, till the day when we have I guess, if she was what she pretended to be, she seen her in prayer, alone and sorrow-stricken,—On that morning the little girl came in tears.

"What ails you, my dear?" said the loved teacher, "why are you weeping?"

"Because—" and the poor child sobbed—because, Mrs. Meddleworth says you are a wicked woman, and that you will make me bad, too,—and she told mother that this was not a good place for me; so mother has sent me for my books and slate—" Here the child's sobs grew more frequent, and thick and fast fell the tears from her sunny eyes. Harriet Howe pressed a fervent kiss on her fair brow, then raising her eyes to heaven "God knows," she said, "that I am innocent; but go if your mother commands it—and Heaven's blessings on your head."

"Then you are not wicked; oh! I knew you was not,—and I may love you—and you may be my own dear teacher;" and she laughed in her childlike merriment.

"No! no! you must go, for your mother's ear has been poisoned by slander,—but you may love, as I shall ever remember you."

"Oh! I will run home, and tell my mother, and she will let me come again, and we will be so happy"—and she bounded away towards her home, happy in childish ignorance of earth's polluted souls.

Slowly and sadly did Harriet enter her little dwelling; bitter thoughts came crowding up, too mighty for utterance; the limited enjoyment which she had derived from the company of her pupils, was taken from her; her cup of woe was dragged with the foul taint of slander, till its taste was most bitter. Why was she thus slandered, she asked herself; why has malice cast its arrows upon my defenseless head? She paused in her soliloquies—for she knew that her continuing alone in the cottage, since the death of her grandmother, might well be a mystery to the villagers; but what could she do?—she could not depart. "Not yet—not yet," she exclaimed; "I must stay 'tis for him, and for his sake I will brave all."

She had still one resource, she could take in serving; Mrs. Carter and many other women in the neighborhood, had always employed her, and she would endeavor to do the same.

She accordingly donned her bonnet, and saffroned forth; her first call was upon Miss Henly. How was her heart wrung when the servant girl, on asking for her mistress, replied, "La, sz, Miss, you don't expect my mistress is going to associate with your kind of folks, do you?" She said I must say she was not at home, to the like of you."

Harriet turned away; her breast heaved with contending emotions. Should she turn away from all, and go forth a lone wanderer in the cold world? No! she must not—she must remain, at least till she heard from him. On she went; she paused before the door of Miss Carter; she hesitated; perhaps the servants here might insult her. Slowly she raised the knockers; she was ushered into the sitting room; her heart sunk within her, as she met the stern gaze of the mistress. "I have called, madam," and her voice quivered with excess of emotion—"I have called, hoping you might give me further employment, as I now depend wholly upon my needle for subsistence."

"Why, miss, as you have asked me, I must tell you, that I cannot give work to a person of your character."

"My character! Good Heavens! what have I done, to be thus scoffed?" almost shrieked the poor girl; "what have I done?"

"You better not put on my of you fine airs,—you will not move me. If you want money, sell your harp and your fine things. For my part, I have but little opinion of young women who live alone, and who neglect dying friends!"

"Oh! my God! I hast thou forsaken me!" she exclaimed, in an agonized tone. "Hear me, hear me, Mrs. Carter, when I call Heaven to witness my innocence."

"Come, miss, you had better go,—my nerves are weak, and I cannot bear a scene"—interrupted the hard-hearted woman.

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and she tossed her head as she uttered the words.

"Of course," answered Miss Higgins, "if she was what she should be, Mrs. Almy would have invited her."

"Ah! she has seen through her famous airs, I warrant you, before this time. I have done my best to give her a hint of her character, for I cannot endure to see people imposed upon," retorted Mrs. Meddleworth.

At this moment the conversation was disturbed, by a servant's announcing Mr. Hadley & his sister, every eye turned to the door, judge not the dismay of the gossiping group, when, in the sister of Mr. Hadley, they recognised Harriet Howe. And most beautiful the young girl looked, her dress of deep mourning contrasting with a neck of snowy whiteness; her bright eye beaming with the light of unutterable happiness, and truth imprinted upon every lineament of that lovely face. Her brother gazed upon her with a mingling of sorrow, love, and pride. After receiving the congratulations of her few friends, her brother, (still retaining her arm,) advanced to the centre of the room.

"Permit me," he commenced, and his voice rung forth clear as a prophet's, "permit me here in this company, before the ladies and gentlemen of this party, to explain whatever may have appeared, mysterious in the conduct of my sister, since her residence among you. I will be brief, but I claim the attention of all. My sister and myself are of another land; England is the home of our race. Possessed of wealth, without any one to guide me, (for parents, we do not remember.) I early initiated myself in the vices so common with heedless young men of fortune. Suffice it here to say, I squandered our large property; and more, the taint of dishonor fell upon me. We left our home, came to America, the home of the unfortunate;—chance brought us to this village; our grandmother, our only dear friend, came with us, and here she and my noble hearted sister remained. I had vowed that I would never own my true name, never avow my connection with the innocent, suffering ones of the cottage, until I had fulfilled obligations lawfully contracted, rescued my name from dishonor, and restore my sister to the station which she was born to occupy. As I chose to alter my name, my sister decided to be known by the name of Howe. The work is done, honestly, ay, by the sweat of my brow, have I released myself from my obligations, the shade has passed from my fame, and but one week since, a will was put into my hand, making me heir of a large estate in England, and giving my sister a fortune complete for her every desire. Such is our history, and in conclusion,—to those who by word or deed, have afforded happiness to my sister, I will tender my heartfelt thanks, God will bless them, as I may not. But," and a frown gathered on his open brow, "to those who have maliciously and wilfully wounded the stranger's heart, I would say, in explanation of what they might not comprehend, yet have dwelt on and exaggerated, that the gentleman who had been seen by some person's hired man was no other than myself, her own lawful brother. I had vowed, as I before said, never to let the world know of our connexion, till I was free from dishonor; therefore by stealth I visited her. And may I ask certain ladies, what may be the impropriety of my calling her my dear Harriet? As it regards the death of our beloved parent, it occurred, as you have stated, in the absence of my sister, who left her (apparently well,) to return some work which she had just finished,—she was absent an hour; on her return, found her dearly beloved friend cold in the embrace of death.—One circumstance more,—I wish to gratify any curiosity that may exist, with regard to a certain letter, containing the ominous words, 'lend,' 'money,' 'debts,' that letter was addressed to me. From time to time has my sister forwarded me the amount of her earnings, yes, the money spared for her own support, has been sent to assist her unworthy brother in his struggle with degradation. Will the people of this village yet wonder, that the orphan of the cottage took in needlework

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Eastern Argus.

We received the following letter yesterday, together with one or two London papers. The London Chronicle of Oct. 20th, (alluded to in this letter) contains a long account of the Hunter's Lodges in this country, which, it says, has been obtained from a creditable source. It says that Maine has 99 lodges; Vermont, 107; New York, 283; Michigan, 54; New Hampshire, 78; Wisconsin, 7; Illinois, 21; Indiana, 14; Ohio, 86; Pennsylvania, 49; Kentucky, 11; Virginia, 21; Maryland, 16; Delaware, 2; New Jersey, 17; Missouri, 39; Iowa, 3; Louisiana, 11; Lower Canada, nearly the whole population organized in lodges; Upper Canada, 84. There are a few lodges in New Brunswick, and a few scattered in other parts. The number of lodges in the States not mentioned, may amount to about 100.

The following is the oath said to be administered to each member:

"I swear to my utmost to promote republican institutions and ideas throughout the world, to cherish them, to defend them, and a specially to devote myself to the propagation, protection, and defence of these institutions in North America. I pledge my life, my property, and my honor to the association. I bind myself to its interests, and I promise, until death, that I will attack, combat, and help to destroy, by all means that my superior may think proper, every power or authorities of royal origin upon this continent, and especially never to rest till the British tyrants cease to have any possession or footing in North America. So help me God."

The number of members in all the Lodges is estimated at 120,000 voters—and the Chronicle's article gravely concludes as follows:

"We are often asked who is the Grand Sassenen, who are the Grand Eagles? It is really impossible to state this positively; but we may hazard an opinion, that the actual chairman of the committee of foreign affairs of Congress (Calh Cushing) knows something about the matter. In one of his last lectures at Springfield, Massachusetts, he states that it is the duty of every American to co-operate for the expulsion of British influence and authority from that continent. Mr. Smith, of St. Albans, M. C. for Vermont, Governor Fairfield, of Maine, Governor Mason, of Michigan, General Bratish, Colonel Thomas, the Honourable Senator Williams, Lieut. Governor Bratish, of New York, General Clark, Waller Nelson, L. T. Papineau, C. P. Bonaparte, W. L. M'Kenzie, and others, are the gentlemen who perhaps could the best inform us what are their respective connections with this association."

To the Editors of the Eastern Argus:

Gentlemen, I have only to remark to you that the political horizon of Europe begins to be dark and gloomy. A storm evidently is brewing—public spirit has grown uneasy and restless. Every body expects something and nobody knows what. The whole of Europe resembles a vast camp. Every where preparations for war and everywhere talks of peace, with the exception of England. Here one can easily understand what they are about. The Times and the Morning Herald, the two principal organs of the Administration, are pretty clear in their statements, particularly in all that regards America. To break you up, to dissolve the Union, to burn your cities and towns, to destroy your commerce, and, to use their own language, to throw you back for centuries, is the expressed plan of that class of raving politicians, which are now in the ascendency in Great Britain. But whilst no epithet of abomination and infamy is too strong to be used in regard to the United States and its people, in the same country every sciolism of infamy is used towards Mr. Webster "whose filial attachment" (the very words used in the Morning Herald) "is such as to render it certain that it will not be his fault if England has to complain of the United States"—whilst the ungrateful Times, in a serious article sneers at all that has been done in regard to McLeod and the North Eastern Boundary question, and in regard to the first case, says that all was a "predetermined farce," that the Government at Washington at Albany took all measures to ensure the acquittal of McLeod and that they never dared to convict him in America. I heard a very curious story here in regard to this business, which may explain why Mr. Fox changed his tone. Mr. Webster is indeed, if the story is true, a very dutiful son, he standing ready for McLeod's safety! I send you a long article which appears in the Morning Chronicle, entitled the "Hunter's Association in North America," by which you will see that it is more than hinted that Governor Fairfield and others are officers in the Hunter's Association! By said article you will see how very easy John Bull is imposed upon. That fable is now the crutch article of the day, and the declaration that it is a gross fabrication, which the writer took care to have inserted in the Morning Post, is only laughed at now more than sixteen years ago. There are at 27 Line of Battle Ships, and nearly 200 Ships of War, belonging to England are now in commission and yet not one Line of Battle Ship is upon the North American station. I argued to prove it by the peaceable disposition of Great Britain. The answer of one was, "we can choose our own time with the Americans." The other, an officer of distinction, told me, "we must surprise them." Mr. Stevenson leaves to-day, and Mr. Maxwell and family to-morrow. Both these gentlemen gained, to an uncommon degree, public sympathy and esteem here. The change cannot be for the better. Mr. Dodge, the general agent in Germany is to be recalled, and Francis Grund is to be sent to Bremen, instead. A happy delivery to him, and to the United States of him! Adieu.

SLAVONICUS.

LONDON, the 22d Oct., 1841.

FROM THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—SANTA FE, A letter from Fort William, on the Arkansas, of October 12th, states that the Texan forces had yet arrived at Santa Fe, at the last accounts,

but were hourly expected. The Governor was making preparations to give them a warm reception, but the people were inclined to surrender without opposition. It was believed that the preparations of the Governor were more for show than otherwise, as his individual interest would be promoted by the success of the Texans. A fight between the Pawnees and Arapahoes, "came off" on the Arkansas, near Fort William, in August, in which the former lost seventy-four scalps. *St. Louis Republican.*

POLITICAL.

From the Eastern Argus.

MAJOR GENERAL SCOTT.

This "great pacifier," already second only in command of the armies of the Republic, aspires to be their commander-in-chief—and with this view has just written a long letter to the public in general, in which he comes forth, sword in hand, to answer various political interrogatories that have been recently addressed to him, he says, from different parts of the Union. The letter is rather a dull one, and much longer than the General's speech from the Cumberland House balcony in 1839, but unlike the Federal letter a year ago, discloses some very decided "opinions for the public eye." It begins with a pauper about its author's ancient democracy, and goes on to prove him incontestably a thorough-paced Federalist. To show this, we will briefly give his political views according to the arrangement of the letter, which, like a Preacher's sermon, is divided very methodically into different heads.

1st. In *Politics* he calls himself a "Democratic Whig," a name unheard of, we believe, until the last year, and then invented for the disguise of Federalism.

2d. Of the *Judiciary*, the General has so high an opinion that, he thinks, its decisions should bind the consciences of every body, except the Judges themselves or their successors, who have an unbounded right to change or modify the opinions of the court at pleasure. Not so thought either Jefferson or Jackson, who both held it to be the duty of a President to sanction no law which in their consciences, they deemed unconstitutional, whether the Judiciary believed it constitutional or not. These apostles of Democracy had no *conscience keepers* for them, and had greater fear of violating the liberties of the people than even of disregarding an opinion of the Supreme Court.

3d. Gen. Scott follows Mr. Clay against the *Executive Veto*, which, he thinks should be overcome by a bare majority in both Houses of Congress. He seems to treat this power as intended mainly for the protection of the President against the other Departments of Government, when it is in fact meant for the protection of the People against the evil consequences of hasty legislation.

4th. The General goes decidedly against *Rotation in office*. So did the Federal party, last fall, but when they got the power, they were in favor of rotating out all the Democratic officers, and rotating Federalists into their places.

5th. General Scott thinks that no Presidential candidate should pledge himself to the *one term* doctrine, but he would like, nevertheless, to alter the Constitution so as to extend the Presidential term to six years, and allow no citizen to be chosen President more than once.

6th. The General thinks, (strangely to be sure) that the President's agency in legislation should be strictly limited by his constitutional duties.

7th. He gives his consent to all the doings of the Extra Session.

"If I had had the honor of a vote on the occasion, it would have been given in favor of the *Land Distribution Bill*, the *Bankrupt Bill*, and the second bill for creating a *Fiscal Corporation*—having long been under a conviction that, in peace as in war, something efficient, in the nature of a *Bank of the United States*, is not only 'necessary and proper,' but indispensable to the successful operations of the Treasury, as well as to many of the wants of our commerce and currency."

8th. On the subject of *Secret Societies*, the General is not quite clear, and we give his own language.

Secret, or oath-bound Societies.—I have not been a member of a masonic lodge in thirty odd years, nor a visitor of any lodge, except once—now more than sixteen years ago. There are at many academies and colleges, as well known, associations of students, tutors and professors, for purely literary purposes, and their meetings, generally, for ought that I know, may be secret. Twenty-eight years ago, I was once present with such an association, and never since; and I have within five years, received many flattering notices of my having been enrolled as an honorary member of as many such associations. I am sorry to be reminded that, by some strange neglect, I have failed to accept one of those honorable distinctions.

The General's letter terminates in this point.

Finally, I am asked, *If nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, would you accept the nomination?* I beg leave respectfully to reply, provided that I be not required to renounce any principles professed above. My principles are convictions.

"My principles are convictions!" They convict the general pretty strongly, we think, of Federal notions, and will hardly be able to make him President.

THE BRAVE OLD SOLDIER!

The following is a copy of a letter from the venerable and beloved patriot JACKSON, in reply to an invitation to attend a public dinner given to Gov. Polk, by the Democratic Republican members of the General Assembly and the citizens of Nashville and Davidson County:—

HERMITAGE, Oct. 20, 1841.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter, inviting me to be present at a Public Dinner to be given the late Governor of Tennessee, Hon. James K. Polk, at the Nashville Inn, on Saturday the 23d instant, by the Democratic Republican Members of the Legislature and citizens of Nashville and Davidson County. Should the weather be fair and the state of my health such as to render it prudent for me to travel so far as Nashville on that day, I will avail myself of the pleasure of attending.

The "hearty congratulations" which you tender to me, "upon the signal triumph of Democratic Republican principles," as evinced in "the late voices of Maine, Maryland and Georgia, and other States," are received with the most gratifying consideration. Nor do you misconceive my sentiments, gentlemen, in supposing that these evidences cannot fail to strengthen my conviction that the people were insincere in their support of my administration.

I cannot say that I did not expect this reaction. I did believe, notwithstanding the events of 1840, the mighty truths of Republicanism were to rise again in triumph; but I cannot say I was fully prepared for the revolution at so early a period. Speculative considerations are giving way to the power of principle. Cool reflection has kindly kindled in the hearts of the people a resolve to do right, and to repair those aberrations from the path of rectitude which are as common to masses as to individuals. A long and intimate acquaintance with the character of the American People inspired me with the most implicit faith in their dispositions to pause and maintain Truth, Virtue, Patriotism and Independence, with a single purpose. And at this late day of my life, it gives me joy to say, that faith is unabated.

Among the causes that have produced this awakening in the public mind are to be found the unjust and imprudent measures of the late extra session of Congress—the tyranny of a dictatorial majority over a large and respectable minority. Nor can it be supposed that the effects of these causes are exclusively confined to those States where elections have just taken place.

The distribution of the proceeds of the sales of public lands without constitutional authority—the system of *Bankruptcy* established by law throughout the United States—the provision for a loan with the range of twelve millions, &c. &c. are acts so palpable and unauthorized, that the people, as I believe, anxiously desire their repeal. And I entertain a most sanguine hope that the hour for reconsideration, retrenchment and reform, is at hand.

I congratulate you, gentlemen, as I do our country at large, on having at the head of the government a President who, upon one question at least, has a strict and conscientious regard for the Constitution, who has not swerved from his integrity in the discharge of one of the highest duties devolving on the Executive; who has preserved his own consistency by averting the blow aimed at our liberties through an attempt to establish another monied corporation with powers constitutional or not. These apostles of Democracy had no *conscience keepers* for them, and had greater fear of violating the liberties of the people than even of disregarding an opinion of the Supreme Court.

3d. Gen. Scott follows Mr. Clay against the *Executive Veto*, which, he thinks should be overcome by a bare majority in both Houses of Congress. He seems to treat this power as intended mainly for the protection of the President against the other Departments of Government, when it is in fact meant for the protection of the People against the evil consequences of hasty legislation.

4th. The General goes decidedly against *Rotation in office*. So did the Federal party, last fall, but when they got the power, they were in favor of rotating out all the Democratic officers, and rotating Federalists into their places.

5th. General Scott thinks that no Presidential candidate should pledge himself to the *one term* doctrine, but he would like, nevertheless, to alter the Constitution so as to extend the Presidential term to six years, and allow no citizen to be chosen President more than once.

6th. The General thinks, (strangely to be sure) that the President's agency in legislation should be strictly limited by his constitutional duties.

7th. He gives his consent to all the doings of the Extra Session.

"If I had had the honor of a vote on the occasion, it would have been given in favor of the *Land Distribution Bill*, the *Bankrupt Bill*, and the second bill for creating a *Fiscal Corporation*—having long been under a conviction that, in peace as in war, something efficient, in the nature of a *Bank of the United States*, is not only 'necessary and proper,' but indispensable to the successful operations of the Treasury, as well as to many of the wants of our commerce and currency."

8th. On the subject of *Secret Societies*, the General is not quite clear, and we give his own language.

Secret, or oath-bound Societies.—I have not been a member of a masonic lodge in thirty odd years, nor a visitor of any lodge, except once—now more than sixteen years ago. There are at many academies and colleges, as well known, associations of students, tutors and professors, for purely literary purposes, and their meetings, generally, for ought that I know, may be secret. Twenty-eight years ago, I was once present with such an association, and never since; and I have within five years, received many flattering notices of my having been enrolled as an honorary member of as many such associations. I am sorry to be reminded that, by some strange neglect, I have failed to accept one of those honorable distinctions.

The General's letter terminates in this point.

Finally, I am asked, *If nominated as a candidate for the Presidency, would you accept the nomination?* I beg leave respectfully to reply, provided that I be not required to renounce any principles professed above. My principles are convictions.

"My principles are convictions!" They convict the general pretty strongly, we think, of Federal notions, and will hardly be able to make him President.

AN HONORABLE MEMENTO.—The Texan Congress have directed a marble bust of Senator Walker, of Miss., who made the motion in the U. S. Senate for the recognition of the independence of Texas, and a portrait of Senator Preston, who seconded the motion, to be placed in the capital of that Republic.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 16, 1841.

TEMPERANCE.

It is pleasing to notice the rapid progress of this cause in the community of late, and especially the wonderful impulse given to it by the Washingtonians. They seem to be just the men for this great, and hitherto difficult, enterprise; and their unparalleled success in reforming inebriates appears to indicate that new and astonishing developments are making in the moral as well as the intellectual and physical world. Why it was that the Christian Philanthropist, with all the aids of learning and eloquence, could not restrain and save the inebriate, was till within a few months a mystery; but the operations of the Washingtonians appear to have brought about a new era in the great work of reform; and we are beginning to learn and feel that there is great power in truth, great beauty in simplicity and man's best and truest friend is he who knows, feels and understands his character and wants, from experience. These remarks are suggested from the pleasure we derived in attending a Washingtonian meeting in the Court House in this place one evening last week. Great additional interest was given, no doubt, from the presence of several young gentlemen of the Bar from distant parts of the County; who in their speeches and remarks gave us the history and state of the cause in their respective neighborhoods. Mr. Gerry, of Waterford, told us in a forcible and eloquent manner what a revolution was accomplished in his place. Mr. Andrews, of Turner, depicted in glowing colors the happy change which had come over the population in his vicinity. Mr. Chase, of Fryeburg, in a clear and classic manner pourtrayed the unhappy results in times past of the would-be reformer, whether clothed with civil power, or merely invested with the influence which learning, wealth and station afforded. Mr. Parris, of Buckfield, described in a very felicitous manner what were the high qualifications of a President of a Washington Society, and also informed us what his neighbors were doing, had done and intended to do. Others expressed their gratification at the prospects of the near approach of the period, when our country at least, would no longer be under the blighting influences of intemperance.—While the cause is thus going on so gloriously in the hands of the "new school" men, we hope the "old school" men will not relax their efforts. They may be assured the field is large enough and the labor sufficient to employ them all. If they still adhere to their old theory that it is their province to save the temperate by keeping them from the allurements of vice, let them see to it, that they do the work assigned them. And if the "new school" think that they, and they only, can reclaim the drunkard and raise him to usefulness, honor and happiness, let not their ardor abate till every fireside, now the picture of woe and wretchedness, becomes the scene of domestic bliss.

DEMOCRAT. The Sunbeam, (now of Boston, formerly of Hartford,) says:—"We find Democracy as we have defined it, originating in the eternal purposes of God—revealed in His word, confirmed in His works and practically applied in His government. We might fill a volume in illustrating and defending this position; but who will deny that the essential element of equality is embodied in all these? He has given to all men equal rights, imposed on all equal duties, enacted for all equal laws, with equal penalties which may be incurred by all in equal extent, and established an equal relation of all, to himself, and of course to one another. Who will deny this is right? Let him deny God! And if it be right can it ever be wrong?"

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DEMOCRAT

The State debt of all the States in the Union amounts to \$20,000,000. What an incubus upon the energies of the American people, and what a striking picture of the evils resulting from a miserable, bloated paper currency.

A jury in the District Court, (Phila.) gave a verdict in the case of the Government vs. the U. S. Bank, in favor of the Government, for \$25,243 and costs of suit. The whole claim of the Government was \$350,000.

The Philadelphia National Gazette, established by Robt. Walsh, and always the organ of the Bank of the United States, exploded recently, and after a few days' repose, a new two cent paper, started up on its ruins, and is as bitterly hostile to the Bank and all concerned as ever it was in its favor.

Yours, &c. T. H. B.

New York Redeemed!

The triumph of the Democracy, at the election in the Empire State, on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst., was complete, overwhelming and decisive, and has given the ascendancy of Democratic principles in every branch of the Government, within reach of the popular voice.

The election was for members of the Senate and the Assembly.

Of the Senators holding over, 13 were Federalists, and 9 were Democrats. Of the 20 Senators elected this year, 8 are Democrats, which gives a Democratic majority in the Senate of 2. Last year, the Federal majority was 10. Democratic net gain—12.

The Assembly consists of 128 members, all of them elected annually. The last Assembly consisted of 66 Federalists and 62 Democrats. The Assembly now elected consists of 35 Federalists, and 93 Democrats. Democratic net gain—62.

Of the general result in the State, the New York Herald, (neutral paper,) says—

TOTAL OVERTHROW OF THE BANK WHIG PARTY IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

"It will be seen by the returns given below that the election has resulted in the COMPLETE AND OVERWHELMING PROSTRATION OF THE WHIG PARTY IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK. THE DEMOCRATS HAVE SWEEPED OVER THE STATE LIKE A TORNADO.

"The House of Assembly is Democratic by a great majority, the Senate is Democratic, and the aggregate popular majority is immense and overwhelming.

"A Whig defeat was expected, but the majority is immense, far outrunning the anticipations of the most sanguine Democrat in the land.

"The causes that have led to this result are various and manifold. The general and growing distrust of the State administration, would have secured the overthrow of the party apart from any other consideration. But the violent and headstrong course of Mr. Clay and his adherents in Congress, increased the cause of dissatisfaction, and contributed to swell the majority to an incalculable extent. The Clay manifesto broaching doctrines so monstrous and revolutionary, alarmed reflecting men among the Whigs, and kept them from the polls. They would not lend their aid in any way to secure a victory, which would have been triumphed over the country as a Clay triumph.

Added to this, was the general and righteous indignation at the impudent and unprincipled treatment of Seward and Weed to control the Catholic voters through their religious attachments. This feeling operated with potent effect against them. The influence of Bishop Hughes may have diverted some two thousand votes from the locofoco ticket in this city, but it injured the Whigs immense in other parts of the State. Never did a corrupt and dirty intrigue meet with a more prompt and exemplary punishment."

The Albany Argus, (Democrat,) says—

"THE CITY AND COUNTY OF ALBANY.—In the great contest which has just terminated, there is no spot where the indomitable spirit of Democracy has been more signally displayed than in the City and County of Albany. This is the very citadel of Federal power, and here the enemies of popular freedom were entrenched with the patronage of the State and city Governments, and this power and patronage has been under the direction of the most unscrupulous and reckless men who ever held power in any State of the Union. With this load upon them, the unfeared Democracy of Albany, by the aid of their strong arms alone, nerved only with the eternal principles of liberty and equality, have literally carried the Federal citadel by storm, and have effected a revolution, in the city alone, which shows a clear gain to the Democratic cause, in a single year, of EIGHT HUNDRED votes."

MICHIGAN ELECTION!

The Cleanest Sweep Yet!!

Federalism in Michigan has lost its whole bone—even to the tip of the nail. Barry's (dem.) majority for Governor will be about

5000 and in thirteen counties heard from the Federalists have not carried single county or elected a single member of the Legislature!

A Detroit correspondent of the Albany Argus says:—"From what we can learn we shall carry our Governor and Lieut. Governor by from 4 to 6000 majority. Last year Harrison's maj. was 15000. We shall probably elect every senator in every district, (11 in all) which will give us a majority in the senate. We shall also probably elect every representative in every county and district in the State, making an entire democratic house of representatives!"

The result is overwhelming to even skin whiggery. Never has a party been so completely uprooted and prostrated as the Whigs in Michigan.—Argus.

LAST LINK.—But eight miles remain to be finished on the Railroad from Batavia to Buffalo, which, with the Boston road, will complete a continuous road from Boston to Buffalo, 600 miles, the longest in the world.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Boston Post gives returns from 295 towns, in which the result is as follows: Morton, 60,103; Davis, 54,522; Boltwood and scattering, 3,394; Davis' majority, 1,025.—There remain to be heard from 12 towns, which voted last year as follows: Morton, 1,215; Davis, 1904; majority for Davis, 659. Davis' majority in the State this year will hardly reach 1,500. His majority in the city of Boston is 1,600, and in the rest of the State he is in a minority! Last year his majority was 15,000! and Harrison's majority 21,000!—Any of our Whig friends who are good at ciphering may amuse themselves by calculating the difference.

Guardian's Sale.

WILL be sold at public Auction on Monday, the twenty-ninth inst., at nine o'clock A. M., at the late residence of Moses Butterfield in Sumner, the following personal property belonging to the said Butterfield, to wit: All the farming utensils together with the household furniture, beds and bedding, two hundred bushels of corn and grain and twenty tons of hay.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

NATH'L O. RYERSON, Sunn, Nov. 10th, 1841.

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NOTICE.—To all whom it may concern, may I certify that the subscriber, have this day given my said wife, Mrs. A. minor, his time to act and trade for himself until he become of age, I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debt of his contracting after this date.

JOHN CLARK, Andover, November 10th, 1841.

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TERMS made known at the time and place of sale.

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